

MARVEL
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THE REAL

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GHOSTBUSTERS™



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Aaaahh! Yaaawwn ... Oh, sorry did someone say something? Only I was hoping to sleep through to the end of this issue. Well, that's not strictly true, actually. It's just that the first story is about a really *uninteresting* person by the name of **Boring Karloff!** Dear me, I bet he's fun at parties! Right, thank **The Real Ghostbusters** that that's over with! Right, next on the agenda is a tale of much strangeness and weirdness. This is mainly because it was penned by the talented hand of our man Winston. Yes! You can get up to date on the latest unusual happenings in the life of our heroes in **Winston's Diary!** Plus, we have the next riveting instalment of the **GHOSTBUSTERS II** film adaptation and the results of our **GHOSTBUSTERS EPIC COMPETITION**. So what are you waiting for? Read on!

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THE REAL GHOST BUSTERS



PETER
VENKMAN



EGON
SPENGLER



RAY
STANTZ



WINSTON
ZEDDEMORE



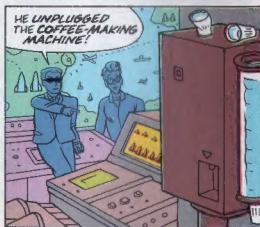
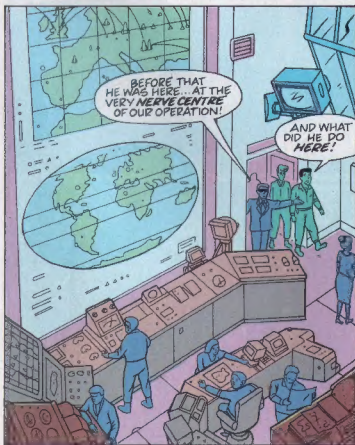
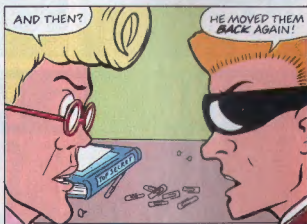
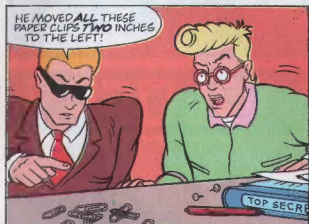
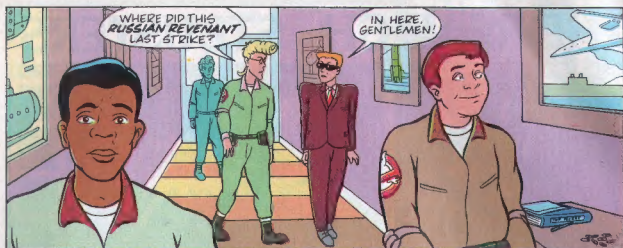
JANINE
MELNITZ

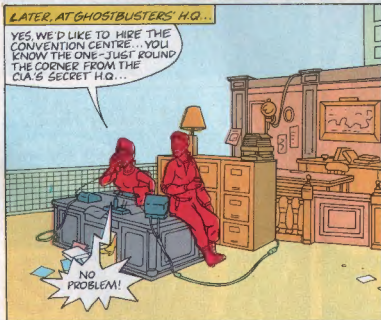
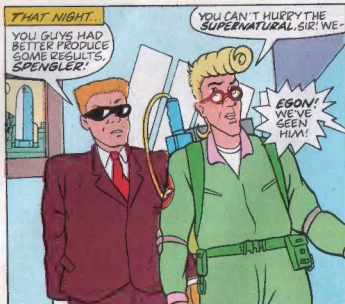


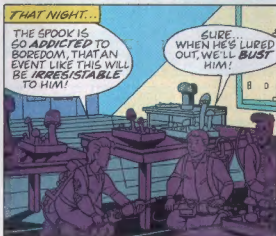
SLIMER

THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™









SPENGLER'S

SPIRIT

GUIDE

Bored! Bored! Bored! I've just spent three nights observing the ghostly 'Coughing Monk' of Muppley Abbey in East Witteringshire in order to expand on the body of information we have about repeater ghosts. The 'Coughing Monk' appears at twelve minutes past every hour between one and four at night each weekday and shimmers down the west transept. At the far end, he coughs twice, fiddles with the edge of his cowl, mutters 'sardines in a hat' and vanishes. I've seen him do it twelve times in the last three days, so I should know. And I can tell you, the thrill of scientific discovery aside, that once you've timed the apparition, run a PKE monitor, taken a temperature drop record and measured the acoustic resonance of the coughs, it all gets a wee bit dull.

That's the trouble with repeaters. They do the same thing over and over again and it's *boring*. Like the 'Shadowy Man' of Nocklingford Mills in Gushthampton. Four minutes to one each day, regular as clockwork, he materialises in the laundry closet next to the wash house, scratches his left ear, moans a bit, says 'pilchards' distinctly three times and fades away. Not really the sort of thing to



PART 79

grip your heart in a vice of arctic fear is it?

No. Exactly. It's *boring*. I have decided that I'm going to write a paper on repeaters for the 'American Journal of Spectral Goings on and Affiliated Bugaboos', and in it, I'm going to expound my theory of the 'B' Factor, a simple equation where 'B' is the co-efficient of time spent watching a boring ghost over length of time it takes to make you nod off divided by the square root of something much better to do. Then all the known and documented repeaters worldwide can be classified with a 'B' number as an at-a-glance guide for ghost hunters to see how much time they should waste studying them. I've made a few initial

ratings here, if they're any help:

The Sad Woman of Luddely Bight

Frequency: Nine minutes past seven every other Wednesday (not Leap Years).

Activity: Rises moaning out of the linen chest, revolves three times, sings 'pockets, pockets full of kippers' to the tune of 'Are you lonesome tonight?' and disappears.

'B' Factor: very, very dull. If there is any grass or weeds growing nearby. I recommend you to watch that instead.

The Chuckling Upholsterer of Flatulington

Frequency: Every hour, on the hour, six days a week.

Activity: Twice round the tea shop, chuckling a bit, then stops at the cake stand, says 'standing room only except halibuts' rather sadly and vanishes.

'B' Factor: look out for highlights such as planks warping, paint drying or small pieces of ironware corroding.

The Phantom Tarpaulin of Knickerby

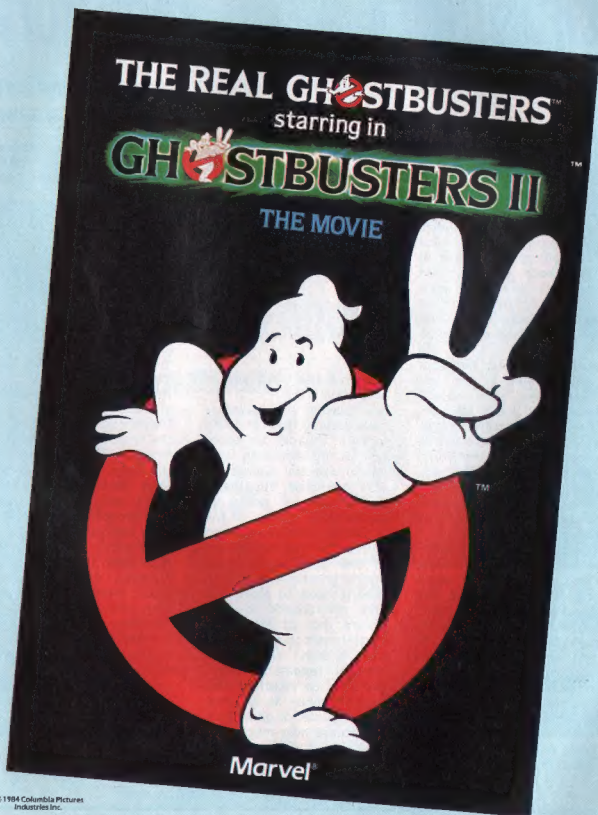
Frequency: All day, Tuesday to Friday.

Activity: Lies still over a few barrels and crates. Doesn't mention fish at all.

'B' Factor: About as gripping as a sticking plaster in the bath.

YOU'VE SEEN THE MOVIE

NOW READ THE BOOK!



THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS EPIC COMPETITION RESULTS!

Hi there! Janine here with the moment you've all been waiting for . . . Yes, I've got the results to that truly amazing **REAL**

GHOSTBUSTERS EPIC COMPETITION! Well done to all you people who made it, and better luck next time to those who didn't. Well, I bet you were all dying to know the answers to the questions, so here they are:
1. Your assembled tokens made up a picture of The Real Ghostbusters' **SPECTRO-VISORS**.

2. **EGON SPENGLER** invented the Ghostbusters' equipment.

3. **RAY STANTZ** built the Ghostbusters' equipment.

4. **SLIMER** was the Ghostbusters' first bust.

There that was quite painless, wasn't it! Wasn't it? Oh well, here's the winners anyway.

FIRST PRIZES: A TRIANG Trike, a LITTLEWOODS Real Ghostbusters Outfit, a ZEON Wristwatch, a SPEARHEAD Make-Up kit and Ghostball, a MARVEL Annual, four Ghostbusters Books from CARNIVAL and four Ghostbusters Audio-cassettes and Book Packs from TEMPO.

Keat Looi, Yiewsley. Matthew Turner, Brighouse. Tommy and John McDaid, County Wicklow. Raymond McAlpine, Upton.

SECOND PRIZE: An Outfit, a Wristwatch, a Make-up Kit and Ghostball, an Annual, a pack of Books and a pack of Audiocassettes and Books. Richard O'Conner, Croydon.

THIRD PRIZES: A Wristwatch, an Annual, a pack of Books and a pack of Audio-cassettes and Books.

Jamie Docherty, Sunderland. Stephen Boulton, Liverpool. Paul Askew, Oxford. G. Furze, Bridgewater. Ian Wollerton, Norwich. David Robinson, Mansfield. David Sutton, Lancs. Stewart Savage, Wootton-Under-Edge, James Corcoran, Cardiff. Christopher Mason, Bidford-on-Avon. Ryan Har-



din, Wormley. Alan Angel, Hengoed. David Sodergren, Edinburgh. Adrian Hall, Hartlepool. Robert Cheetham, Notts.

FOURTH PRIZES: A pack of Books and a pack of Audio-cassettes and Books.

Joseph Hartshorn, Matlock. Jamie Holmes, Chesterfield. Russell Reddish, York. Thomas Rodgers, Belfast. Adam Benzine, London. Christopher Ferguson, Hartlepool. David Francis, Newcastle. Richard Barras, Sunderland. Steven Dyke, Sheffield. Graham Robertson, Abernethy. Richard Walsh, Alvaston. Callum Fauser, Clacton-on-Sea. Philip Gardiner, Faversham. Andrew Phipps, Bognor Regis. Shane Byrne, Aghrim. Michael Gibson, Exeter. Matthew Roberts, Hailsham. David Watson, Castle Donington. Christopher Needham, Sheffield. Matthew Low, Cheltenham.

RUNNERS-UP PRIZES: A Make-up Kit and Ghostball.

Jason Hills, Ranskill. Steven Woodcock, Carnforth. David Shurbourne, Earl Shilton. Daniel Graves, Newby Wiske. Matthew Bullock, Wrexham. Adrian Clarke, Humberston. John Scott, Harrow. Dean Shortland, Osssett. John McQuade, East Kilbride. Craig Powell, Canvey Island. Craig Bradshaw, Blackburn. Simon Tong, Enfield.

Triang

Littlewoods

ZEON LTD.



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
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TAPES

Marvel®

WINSTON'S DIARY

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF WINSTON ZEDDMORE



Story DAN ABNETT  Art BRIAN WILLIAMSON and DAVE HARWOOD

Monday, 4th December:

There's an old Zeddemore family saying that goes like this – "There's nothing more likely to spoil your breakfast than Monday morning". I'd like to go on record here and say that actually there are few things more likely to spoil your breakfast than said day of the week. One of them is Janine marching into the kitchen just as you are pouring your milk over the quietly crackling chocco-flavour Hubba Hubba Wheat, announcing 'Hey guys, there's a blob thing on the Lower East Side.' That'd spoil your breakfast and no mistake. Blobs themselves tend to be pretty good at spoiling the rest of the morning too. Blobs also spoil lunchtimes and most of the afternoon as well, and blobs often spoil your clothes and boots into the bargain.

Tuesday, 5th December:

Why the secret society known as the Brotherhood of the Folded Knapkin decided to reanimate the ghost of Watt Dowelrod, court jester to King Lucille the Often-Passed-Over-In-History-Books, is beyond me. They said it was part of their sacred duty and their destiny to preserve the ancient custom of Knurdling the Wainscoop, which they added was regularly knurdled every second Plimptday after Knurdlemas. Boy, was Dowelrod a scream. We chased him round the Metropolitan Museum for three hours in which time he told 987 puns, 453 Knock-knock! Prithee? jokes, 234 shaggy dog stories, 307 jokes beginning 'A Hapsburg, a Valois and a Bourbon were walking down the street . . .', and sung several songs including 'My love is like a windy mare', 'Sweet Lady mine, wipe not thy nose like so' and 'Greensleeves'. Worst still was the fact that Peter kept joining in on the punchlines as the jokes were so old, he knew most of them. I blasted him halfway through "Prithee? Why i'faith did the parsnip bear up such fardels for the scullion knave? Hey, nonny-nonny, I know not? Why, by my troth, for he beseemly liketh not to dally with a

lowely knurder!"

Never did find out what a wainscoop was.



Wednesday, 6th December:

There's another old saying in my family which goes "Just a hunch? Stay for lunch. Eye on a stalk? Brother, take a walk!" This seemed to be sound advice when we turned up at Number 6 Spaniel Street. The owners, two brothers called Mikey and Turnip Shilling, both had hunch backs, but, hey, you can live with that. The thing in the living room with eyes on stalks was a totally different matter. We tried to bust this hairy critter, but it caused us a few problems until Egon suggested we close it in a low polarity four-beam cross and boost the trap power. It worked. That was a neat idea, I said to Egon, who replied that it was thanks to a little hunch back at HQ. I asked him what the hunchback's name was, but he didn't really understand. Then I asked Turnip Shilling why there should be such an unusual name in his family. He said that when he and his brother were being christened, the vicar suddenly remembered what he'd forgotten to buy at the shops the day before and yelled it out by mistake. That's terrible, I remarked. Sure was, said

Turnip, especially when it turned out the vicar had a whole fresh pack of Mikey in his pantry after all.



Thursday, 7th December:

My old uncle used to say to me 'Thursday clouds bright, it's safe to go camping, Thursday clouds over, your passport needs stamping'. Never did figure out why.

Oh, and we busted some ghosts today.

Friday, 8th December:

We were just sitting down with a fourpack of Cherry cola and an extra large West Pier Pizza, which we all thought was pretty well deserved seeing the extremely ghoulish and skeletal nature of the demons we had just roasted, when the phone rang. I answered it, and the voice on the other end said "Mayhap, how does thou pritheee tell the dissemblance betwixt a fullmet and a tumbler turning widdershins? Withall, because the knurdle is but two parts vexed with greater breeches!" The Brotherhood of the Folded Knapkin had done it again.

My family has another old proverb "If someone bugs you, whack him on the nose." Sound advice put to extremely practical use during the rest of the day.

Saturday, 9th December:

I'd actually got to my second bowl of Hubba Hubba Wheat when Janine came in and asked if I could deal with the blob as it had showed up again and was causing a bit of a problem. I asked if it could wait a few spoonfuls more, but she said that as the blob was squirting and steaming its way out of our own upstairs plumbing, I probably wouldn't want to wait. Busting the blob only took about an hour. Cleaning the upstairs bathroom, the landing, the staircase, the hallway outside of Egon's lab and the walls of the Ecto-2 hangar bay took a little more like nine hours. I wore out two mops doing it. My family doesn't actually yet have a proverb involving blobs and Saturdays but even as we speak, I'm busy working on it.



Sunday, 10th December:

The one family saying that really did stick with me all these years was of course "If it's Sunday, stay in bed". Goodnight, dearest diary.



PHANTOM FOOTBALLERS

When the Sackmaster from the End Zone and his rookie son zap into this dimension for a game of American Football, it really can be no joke. I mean, would you have the guts to tackle him? I didn't think so. Anyway, this enormous Class four Repeater who in his mortal life had gone by the name of Henry Prynne and his son Henry Prynne Junior, had been fanatical American Football fans. Once they had passed over into the next world, Henry and Henry decided to return and

achieve a lifetime (literally) ambition. Thus, on the day of that magical Superbowl, featuring the New York Giants and the Chicago Bears, the father and son team launched themselves into a mass invasion of the pitch. This is fairly easy when you are in excess of a hundred feet tall and have all the correct gear! Henry Junior was a little smaller, of course, but it's never too early to learn. However, one game with The Real Ghostbusters and they were doomed to an eternal time-out!



DEAD TRUE!

It's horrific and ghastly and
what's more, it's a true tale of terror!
Dare you read on?



he magpie-like obsession with collecting things is a pastime which is very common and afflicts many people in many ways. The difference seemingly lies on what it actually is that you collect.

The majority of people are content with collecting things such as records, stamps and books. (Oh, and those twiddly little bits of china that get stuffed in a cupboard somewhere.)

The hobby which afflicted a certain British doctor by the name of John Kilner was no ordinary obsession, however, for his collection consisted entirely of *skulls*!

Such was this man's interest in these grisly, yet fascinating objects, that each one was lovingly polished, cased in a beautiful ebony box and

displayed with great pride and affection in his home!

There was one skull in particular, however, which the doctor admired above all of the others and it was (unfortunately for him) not one which he owned. It's home was with a skeleton in the West Suffolk Hospital where the doctor worked during the 1870's. Here, at the hospital, Kilner taught students of medical science and every day he would use the skeleton with the prized skull for demonstration purposes.

The temptation became too great for the doctor eventually and after eyeing the skull greedily for some time, he finally stole it and displayed it in his house.

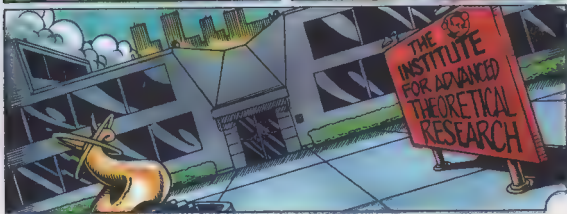
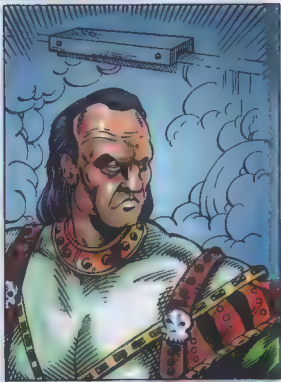
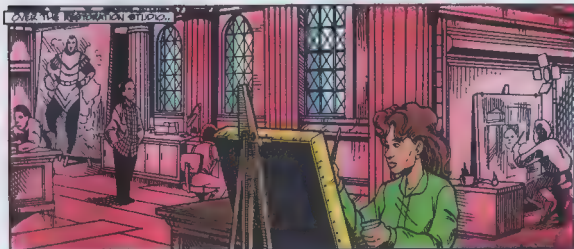
The skull, however, had a very gruesome history and it was this which fascinated the doctor so

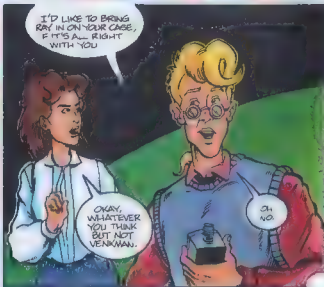
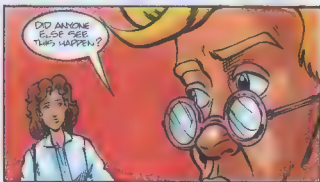
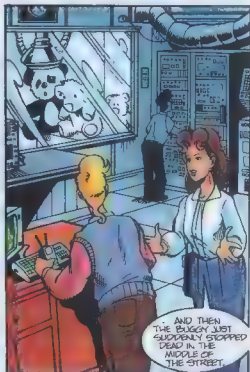
much. It was, in fact, the skull of William Corder – the twenty-three year old man who had been hanged in public near Bury St. Edmonds Prison in 1828 for the famous 'Red Barn Murder' of Maria Marten!

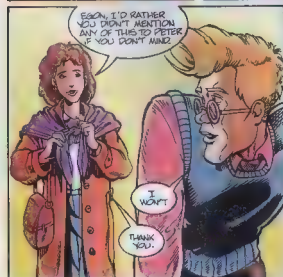
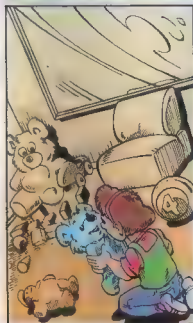
As soon as the skull was placed inside Kilner's home the trouble started. The house became besieged by an evil spirit which moaned and breathed in a totally disgusting manner. Sobbing was often heard, too, and worst of all, a ghastly white hand was seen to float through the air before it smashed the skull's showcase into pieces!

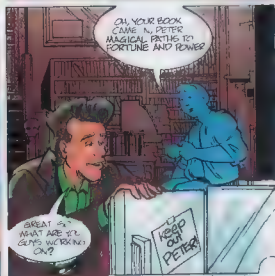
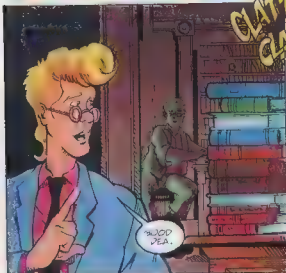
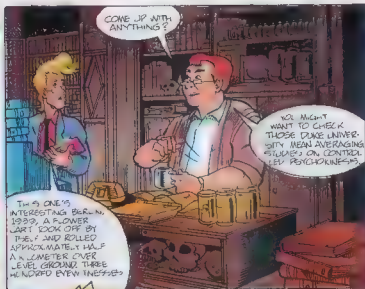
Rather than suffer the torment, Kilner gave the skull a christian burial and all ghostly activity stopped.

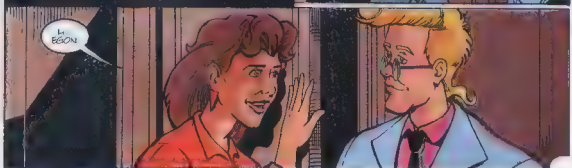
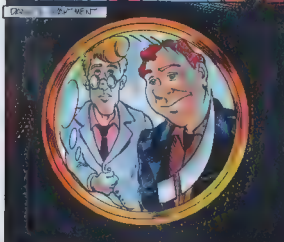
GH**OST**BUSTERS II











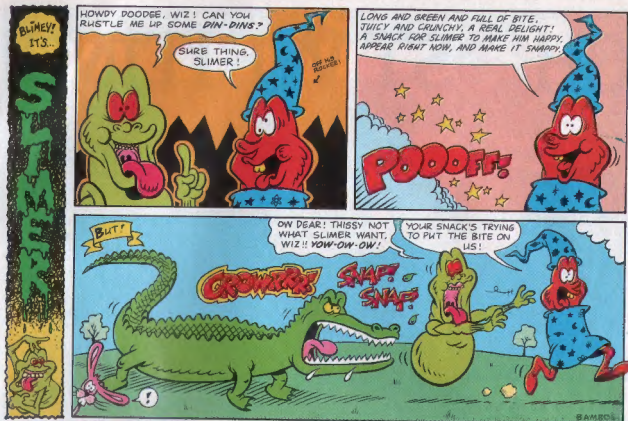
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SLIME TIME!

Slimer wants your jokes! Send 'em to: **SLIME TIME**
Marvel Comics Ltd
13/15 Arundel Street
London
WC2



What do you get if you cross a caterpillar with a parrot?
A walkie-talkie!
— Christopher Jaggs, Edmonton

What do you call a vampire's generating plant?
A battery!
— Wemimo Oloyede, Nigeria

What do you do with a blue dinosaur?
Cheer it up!
— Shahzad Malik, Finchley

Who is the most famous detective in Fairyland?
Sherlock Gnomes!
— Wesley, Bradford

What is a crocodile's favourite game?
Snap!
— Jonathan Welsh, Liverpool

Why did the man laugh when his T.V. caught alight?
Because he had always wanted a set-alight T.V.!

— Shane Brouard, Guernsey

GH~~OST~~ WRITING!



Hi, folks! Your letters are still arriving by the sackful here at Ghostbusters' HQ and you've been asking some pretty brain-stretching questions, but I'm cool and can handle it—another ice pack please, Janine!

Dear Peter . . .

I have some things to ask you:
1. Are you ever late on a bust?
2. How late do you go to bed?
3. Are you scared of the dark?
I am!

— Clare Crawford, Scotland

Thanks for your letter, Clare. 1. Only under circumstances beyond our control. 2. No time in particular. Obviously a ghostbuster works weird hours. Having said that, though, I like to live life in the fast lane, in the true rock 'n' roll way! Basically, that means if I know I have to get up early the next day, I begrudgingly go to bed early and sulk. Oh, I read by torchlight under the covers, too.

1. If Slimer is a ghost, why doesn't he go to rest like most other ghosts?

2. Why did you pick a fire station as your HQ and why did you pick an ambulance as your ghostbusting vehicle?

— Kristian

1. Thanks for the letter, Kristian. The reason why Slimer is content to stay with us is that he feels like he has found a family, amazing as it may seem. A lot of ghosts are miserable, either because they are lonely or because they have grudge-ridden power complexes! 2. The fire station was a perfect place for us. We looked at a couple of other decent buildings, but Ray fell in love with the idea of sliding down the fire pole when we go out on a bust! The ambulance was perfect in size, adaptability and coolness. It was also all we could get for the money!

I think you are rude to Ray and I want you to apologize now! Thanks.

1. Do you know where I can get a copy of Tobin's Spirit Guide?

2. Why are you such a bighead? No wonder Slimer slimes you!

— James Rose, Melton Mowbray

Thanks for your letter, Jimbo, old pal. 1. Why should I tell you? 2. For anyone else who wants to write to the Peter Venkman Appreciation Society, this is the address to write to . . .

I like your comic a lot and have some questions to ask:

1. In issue forty-eight the fire pole went right down to the basement, yet in issue fifty-three it didn't. Why?

2. In issue fifty-five the HQ page said issue 'forty-five'. Why?

3. How many PKE meters and Ghost Traps have you got?

— Adam Tuck, Brentwood

All the world loves a smart kid! 1. Artist's license. 2. Editor's license. 3. Enough.

I have a question for you, but please say "Hi!" to the gang for me. This is my question — who founded **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS**, who thought it up?

— Warren Slater, Stoke-on-Trent

Well, it was my idea originally to go into business, but all the details were a collective effort between Egon, Ray and myself. Oh yeah . . . hi gang!

I have a few of those little questions for you:

1. Is there a **REAL GHOSTBUSTERS** club?

2. Please could you come to my house, because I have a ghost for you. I keep feeling that I'm being followed.

3. How many dates have Egon and Janine been on?

— Dave Woodyer, Rainhill

I have a few of those little answers for you:

1. Nope. 2. Evidence or Paranoia — the choice is yours! 3. None of my business!

Ghost Writing, Marvel Comics Ltd, 13/15 Arundel Street, London WC2

DON'T GET CARRIED AWAY!



IN JUST 7 DAYS

Look out! It's the ...



MIGHTY MARVEL CHECKLIST



Titles on sale now

■ **THE BOG PAPER 7** There's an excessive flow of humour wafting through this week's issue with tales from **Flush Gordon** and the rest of the gents (and ladies!) Laughter – you won't be able to hold it in once you lift the lid on the smelliest comic in the world!

■ **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS 79** Presenting a brand new story by Dakin, Elliott and Harwood: **Boring Karloff**, will make you realise just how interesting your life is. Plus, there's a chilling array of spooky goings-on to set your knees trembling during these cold winter nights.

■ **THE INCREDIBLE HULK PRESENTS 11** The Green Giant faces his greatest challenge yet in **Thunderbolt Ross**, while **The Doctor** encounters a particularly odious alien. **Action Force** are still trying to fathom out just what **COBRA** are up to, and **Indiana Jones** embarks on the quest for The Golden Goddess.

■ **PUNISHER 20** Life as an inmate of Ryker Island Penitentiary is preventing **The Punisher** from intercepting a huge drugs shipment. Elsewhere, Matt Murdock, alias **Daredevil**, is seeing the terrible results of drug abuse first hand in the first part of Miller and Janson's **Child's Play**. Kid's' stuff it ain't!

■ **TRANSFORMERS 248** Starscream is back! The newest Pretender is indeed back to life and harsh reality in **Fallen Star** by Furman and Wildman. There's the exciting finale of **All The Familiar Faces**, plus GI Joe action in **The Lower Depths**, and lastly, we have Airtight, Tunnel Rat, Charbroil, and Spearhead who can be found lurking in the sewers. You're all invited to join them on a date not to be missed.

SPOOKY WOOKY

ONE OF THE...

FIENDISH Feet



THEY CAME
FROM
ANOTHER
FRIDGE

HORRIBLY DELICIOUS YOGURTS AND DESSERTS

Stivel



FANGS
A LOT



RATTLE
'N' ROLL



SPOOKY
WOOKY



FRANK
'N' STEIN



HORRIBLE
HERMAN



SLURPY
BERTIE



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